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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, MAY 29, 1902. NUMBER 13

TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

A SCHOOL OF REST.

NATURE
POETRY
ART
HISTORY

Renew the Mind and you will Refresh the Body.

Miss Elizabeth C. Buhmann's Nature Work will occupy the first three weeks. T. R. Lloyd Jones, B. S., Superintendent of the Hartford (Wisconsin) Public Schools, will continue the work, and will present a scheme of public school science work.

Dr. O. G. Libby's "Bird Talks and Bird Walks," as usual.

Evening lectures illustrated by Professors from the University of Wisconsin, Rev. H. M. Simmons, Jenkin Lloyd-Jones, and others.

Special Encouragement is given to the New Hunting at Tower Hill, taking the lion, not life, with a camera. Dark rooms will be available for photographers, and stereopticons for the exhibition slides made on the ground or elsewhere.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Tower Hill Summer School

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NATURE STUDIES.

MISS ELIZABETH C. BUHMANN.

A teacher of the LaSalle School, Chicago, with several years' experience in that line of work, will give a Normal Course in Nature Study adapted to the work required of grade teachers in city and country schools during the first three weeks of the school, particular attention being given to the study of Birds, Trees, Flowers and Insects. T. R. Lloyd Jones, B. S., Superintendent of the Hartford (Wisconsin) Public School, will continue the work the last two weeks of the school.

Those desiring to take part in this work will find any or all of the following books of great value:

BIRDS:
- Handbook of Birds. - Frank M. Chapman.
- Bird Life, - - - - " "
- American Land Birds, - - - - Apgar.

TREES:
- Trees of America, - - - - "
- Familiar Trees and their Leaves, F. Schuyler Mathews.

FLOWERS:
- Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden, - F. Schuyler Mathews.
- How to Know Wild Flowers, } Mrs. Wm.
- How to Know Ferns, - } Starr Dana.

INSECTS:
- Insect Life, - - J. H. Comstock.
- Butterflies, - - - - Holland

Other necessities being: a pair of opera or field glasses, note books, magnifying glass, dark glasses; for ladies, short skirts and strong boots.

THE ARTHURIAN LEGENDS.

MISS ANNE B. MITCHELL

Who two years ago interpreted the Drama of Victor Hugo, and last year the Niebelungen Lied, will this year give following series of Interpretations:

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5. Treatment of the Arthurian legends in poetry and music.

SKETCHING CLASS.

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A class in sketching from nature will be held at Tower Hill, Wis., from August 18th to August 29th, provided a sufficient number register for the course before June 20th. The mediums pencil, brush and water-color from flowers and landscape. The class will be conducted by Mrs. Hannah Johnson Carter, Director of the School of Elementary Art Instruction, Chicago. This opportunity for personal instruction should be of value to teachers and to all those who wish to combine instruction of this sort with fresh air and fine scenery.

For terms and further particulars, address,
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LIBRARY CLASS.

MISS EVELYN H. WALKER

A graduate of the class in Library Science of the University of Chicago and Librarian of the circulating library of All Souls Church, Chicago, after her return from the Summer Library School at Albany, N. Y., will give a course of twelve lessons in Library Science at the Tower Hill encampment, provided a sufficient number register for the course before June 20th. The class will open July 22d, and continue four weeks. The course will be arranged with special reference to the practical needs of librarians in charge of Sunday school, public school and small circulating libraries, and will include the cataloging, classification, shelving, charging and care of books. The hours will be so arranged as not to conflict with the course in literature given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Tuition, $5.00.

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MISS EVELYN H. WALKER, 3939 Langley Ave.

REFERENCES: Mrs. Zella Allen Dixson, University of Chicago. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

LITERATURE.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, LEADER.

Mr. Jones' work in Poetry will be with Shelley and Browning, with an eye out for new lights in contemporary poetry. In Sunday School and Home teaching it will be Normal work on the Sixth Year's Work in the Course on Religion on he Growth of Christianitty. Biographical Stepping Stones across the Centuries from close of New Testament times to the Times of Martin Luther.

With the consent of the class, the History Work may be distributed throughout the five weeks in half-hour periods from 10:30 to 11:00, sharp; followed by Poetry work, 11:10 to 12:10. Full schedule of topics, with references, next week.

ACCOMMODATIONS.

For terms for board and rooms or tents, address MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN, 3939 Langley Ave.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1902. NUMBER 13

FREEDOM.

Of old, sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet;
Above her shook the starry lights,
She heard the roaring torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self gathered in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came roll'ng down upon the wind.

Then stepped she down through town and field
To mingle with the struggling race,
And part by part to men revealed
The glorious fulness of her face.

Her open eyes desire the truth,
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them; may perpetual youth
Keep dry their holy light from tears.

—*Tennyson.*

The following is from an active pastor of the Congregationalist church, accompanying his subscription to UNITY: "I like the kindly, fearless and hopeful tone of UNITY. I trust that its motto may enter more and more into the hearts of us all and control our lives. The hope of the future lies with the men who dare to think fearlessly, speak frankly in love, and work with the joyous energy of a bold faith."

With all friends of progress and peace, of freedom and devoutness within and without the Presbyterian Church, we rejoice in the step forward that has been taken. Of course it is but a step; none of us can take more than one step at a time, and in order to gain this inch, many have had to go the ell. It is not so much a question of locality, but of direction. The Presbyterian Church is on the right road and is going in the right direction; and they may find themselves in advance of many who claim and give much more freedom than they yet do.

Our Jewish friends have freely taken hold of a live problem when they have grappled with the Sabbath problem. In this discussion tradition, convention and ecclesiastical antagonisms are brought face to face with reason, economy, fellowship and, as will be ultimately developed, the inevitable trend of things. The Jew with the world, working in and with the stream of tendencies, is a mighty factor, backed with potent traditions, gifted with present power and penetration. But the Jew against all this, trying to resist the tendencies of things, is the bull on the railroad track facing the locomotive. One or the other will have to get out of the way or be run over, and it is not the railroad train that is to get out of the way or is to be run over.

A correspondent speaking of the kind of ministers wanted for today so expresses our own opinion and expectation that we make editorial room for his ground plan for a minister. "We want a minister who is all alive with the life of his time; who will first live and then preach; who can earn his living with his hands; who knows what it means to do so (for missionary work it would be decidedly better for him and others if he can do so); who loves flowers and can call them by name and make them grow; who loves children and can lead them; who loves human beings and is interested in their daily doings; who can and will be a good citizen—foremost in the life of his community; a man who can serve in the church of the living God. Can we raise up such? If we cannot, then indeed the church as an institution has had its day. I cannot think that it is so."

During the Anniversary week in Boston, the Free Religious Association platform would seem to indicate that at least one religious organization is trying to study religion in the present tense, and to bring the problems of society as well as soul down to date. President Schurman, of Cornell, is to occupy the forenoon with a lecture on "The Ideals and Duties of the Republic." The afternoon is to be given to the consideration of American workers for the world's order, with the following most attractive program:

"Our Country is the World—Our Countrymen are all Mankind.'

"The Common Sense of Franklin and the Vision of Jefferson," Rabbi Charles Fleischer.

"Worcester and Ladd, the Founders of the Peace Societies," Mr. George Willis Cooke.

"Channing's Sermons against War," Rev. Charles G. Ames

"Elihu Burritt and His Work for a Congress of Nations," Mr. Raymond L. Bridgman.

"Garrison's Gospel of World Citizenship," William Lloyd Garrison.

"Charles Sumner and 'The True Grandeur of Nations,'" Mr. Moorfield Storey.

The North American Review for May contains two most notable and timely articles. The one by Andrew Carnegie on "The Opportunity of the United States," in which he draws a most significant lesson from the futile attempt of New England to elevate India by force of arms. He tells us:

"If Britain left India today, she would leave behind scarcely a trace of her influence. * * * Britains cannot grow in India. Britain sits today upon a volcano. * * * After two hundred and more years of occupation, it is still necessary for Britain to keep 70,000 British troops in India, besides many Indian troops. But not one piece of artillery is given to any native regiment. That would never do. Because no invader can ever trust the oppressed not to strike when opportunity offers.

The second article is Mark Twain's "Defense of General Funston." It is one of the cleverest things Mark Twain has ever done. It would be humorous were it not so sad. It would be playful were it not so profound. Let those who have not yet made up their minds about General Funston include this article of Mark Twain's before they close the question.

Our contemporary, the *Universalist Leader*, has picked up this old story in a new dress from an exchange paper. This "Minister's Dream" is always an instructive one. Let all churchgoers and church critics read it and give it prayerful consideration:

The other night I dreamed that I was harnessed to a cart and attempting to draw it through the mud which covered the street in front of my house. How or why I got in such a scrape I didn't quite know, but there I was pulling with all my might as though I had been the best carriage horse in town. I reached a point not far from the church when the mud grew deeper and deeper and the carriage drew so heavily that I gasped for breath and almost sank down exhausted. This seemed the more inexplicable when, looking back, I saw the entire congregation apparently pushing. But the harder I tried the more the carriage seemed to stick and sink in the mud, so I thought I would stop and examine the difficulty. I went to the rear where I supposed was the congregation, but nobody was visible. I called but no answer came. I repeated the call several times, but no reply, when a voice called out, "Hullo, parson," and looking up whom should I see but one of the deacons looking complacently out of the window, and upon going to the door of the coach what was my astonishment to behold the whole congregation quietly sitting inside, apparently enjoying themselves immensely, except that a few voices could be heard saying that it was about time to get another pastor, as this one wasn't quite so good a puller or pusher as had been anticipated."

Let the Preachers Speak and the Congregations Say Amen!

At last the American conscience has found adequate expression in the Senate chamber of the United States, in what probably time will pronounce to be the greatest ethical deliverance in the Senate chamber since the great days of Sumner and his peers. The venerable senator from Massachusetts has crowned his notable career in the Senate in this great, prophetic utterance concerning the humiliations of our republic in its mad purusuit of an unrepublican invasion and conquest. The address of Senator Hoar had in it elements of classical dignity; there was a noble directness, an ethical intensity and a spiritual loftiness and plainness that was Biblical.

The most notable element in this notable address is the non-partisan poise. The protest and denunciation heretofore voiced in Congress have, consciously or unconsciously, been colored with partisan bias and sometimes with partisan venom. But Senator Hoar spoke as a republican and to republicans. His republican record is unimpeachable and his spirit unquestionable. He put the problem where it belongs—in the domain of ethics. Too long has it been regarded as a political question.

The responsibility for this non-democratic lapse of democratic America, this irreligious relapse into mediæval tactics and barbaric methods, rests with the people of America, not with the army, the President and his cabinet, or the political party that put them in power. And this responsibility of the people rests most heavily upon those who presume to lead the people on ethical and spiritual lines—the preachers, whose business it is to guard the moral ideals and to expound the ethical laws that govern the state as well as individuals. Not the pillage and the torture in the Philippines,not the exploitation of a few undisciplined leaders in uniform, is our greatest humiliation or our gravest degradation; but the tendency in some quarters to palliate, a hesitancy to condemn on the part of the American people, and the shameful silence on the part of the religious press and the American pulpit.

But all this silence has not been the result of depravity, but either of ministerial pre-engagement with church-choring, or ministerial optimism that persists in believing that "things will work themselves out all right," and that politics and politicians had better not be interfered with by the pulpit. But there are hopeful signs of awakening, and whenever the ministers in their might forget their differences and speak out in their individual and co-operative capacities, then representatives and senators, cabinet officers, generals, and presidents, will arise and follow, either from choice or from necessity.

We have already alluded to the prompt protest that the Episcopalian ministers in Boston and vicinity sent to the President in the timely and heroic words of their Bishop Lawrence. This week we are glad to publish the protest and names appended below. Forty-seven Unitarian ministers of the west, ranging from Colorado to Ohio, have sent their word to Washington. This is well; this is true to the higher traditions of Unitarianism, which has always been in close alliance with human liberty; this is the Unitarianism of the west that in the fifties spoke out against slavery, and since the war has so often spoken its word against corruption in high places. It has been in the forefront of the fight for honorable, civil service, the sanitation of cities, and the better education of children. But we hope that these ministers will realize that there is a more effectual way of reaching Congress and the president than through the post-office. We trust this protest has been amplified in the pulpits of these forty-seven ministers; that the congregations have been given an opportunity to say "Amen!" and, what is better, in due time to act their "Amen!"

Since we began this editorial the mail brings us the Boston *Herald* of May 23, which gives generous space to the report of a great meeting held in Tremont Temple "to protest against butchery," as the paper puts it. This meeting was a preachers' meeting; the call was signed by over two hundred leading clergymen of Boston and vicinity. The Rev. E. Winchester Donald, Phillips Brooks' successor, presided. Nearly all denominations were represented on the platform, and an audience of over twelve hundred people was gathered. The aim and spirit of the meeting was represented by this outline, a copy of which was placed in the hands of each speaker:

Remember the demands of the President: (1) Searching exposure of all wrongs, and no shielding of wrongdoers; (2) No barbarities pardoned or permitted under our flag; (3) Ultimate self-government for the Filipinos, after the fashion of the really free nations; (4) Generous trade relations with Cuba.

The conscience of the country urges these demands in their fullest and strongest sense, and will tolerate no influences which tend to weaken or obscure them.

Contrast the degree of joy and gratitude in Cuba today with the despair and resentment in the Philippines, and learn the lesson of the contrast.

It was agreed that no resolutions should be passed by the meeting, but Rev. Paul Frothingham, the last speaker, carried the audience beyond its own resolutions, and it forgot what little prudence and policy it began with when he spoke of the "grand, true, and eloquent speech of the senior Senator of Massachusetts." The audience insisted on carrying out his sug-

gestion of sending profound gratitude to the man who "so eloquently voiced the conscience and the religious sense of his native state. The first address was made by the chairman, who had ringing words of confidence in the President. He said the meeting was for giving encouragement to the administration in its difficult task of investigating the charges contained in the report of Major Gardner, received on the 9th of February last, by the secretary of war. Dr. Donald said, "As the accredited and appointed teachers of religion and morals, it is our duty to let the nation know that we present a united front against barbarity, atrocity and cruelty committed by any man anywhere where the flag of the United States shall float."

The Rev. B. F. Trueblood read a telegraphic greeting from Philadelphia to the meeting. He laid

"The responsibility of this tragedy of horrors rests where, in the last analysis it belongs, upon the shoulders of the people. * * * They have kept silent when they ought to have spoken."

Rev. Dr. Rowley, Baptist, said that

"Better such a party as the Republican should go down forever, than the flag which holds in its folds all that we hold dear as a nation should receive a single stain."

Rev. Frank O. Hall, Universalist, said:

"We have destroyed more homes, made more widows, more children fatherless, than the volcano in St. Pierre. * * * I have unlimited confidence in President Roosevelt. There is not money enough in the world to buy him; no man mean enough to frighten him; he means to do right. But President Roosevelt believes in the strenuous life, and the strenuous life means to fight. He believes in party and that nothing can be accomplished without party. He is surrounded by politicians, ten deep, who are constantly whispering in his ear, 'Nothing shall be done that will hazard the next political campaign.' And outside of that ring of politicians you will find another ring with shoulder straps and brass buttons, each one looking for promotion, who are whispering in his ear that these things are excusable in any war. What we want to do is to let President Roosevelt know that we do not belong to the politicians, but they belong to us; that we do not belong to the army, but that the army belongs to us; that the thing to do is to let President Roosevelt, our servant, know the will of the sovereign people."

The Rev. Father Robert J. Johnson, of the Catholic Church, said:

"The people of Samar are not savages, but Christian people who have their laws, their schools and their churches. Are we Christians who sit still and make no protest when their homes are burned, their women violated and their children slain and desolation caused everywhere?"

The Rev. Dr. Hershey said:

"We must look to the church to make the standard for morals and righteousness for the whole land. These people in the Pacific are our brothers, belonging to us by ties of the human race. Our treatment of them has been un-American."

The Rev. Dr. Berle protested against the theory of Lyman Abbott and some other preachers that:

"Before the doctrine of love can be preached to natives a regenerative army with the gospel of force must prepare the way. * * * Representing the Christian church, we demand that the sword which was drawn in the interest of humanity be now sheathed in the interest of humanity."

Rabbi Fleischer said:

"These acts of our soldiers are simply the poison fruit growing upon a poison tree. Our business is not only to destroy the fruit, but to extirpate that poison tree, to destroy it root and branch."

Rev. Paul Frothingham, Unitarian, said:

"The people of this country have gone into the last depths of the valley in our humiliation, and it has been a low valley and a dark one. I believe the time will come when the people of America will look back on this period of our history as one of the worst periods, one of the most degraded. There was a degraded time in our country's life—it was when we held slaves; but it is a worse time when we try to make slaves."

He reiterated the statement of the other speakers—that we, the people, are to blame, and the leaders of the people have a duty to perform.

Is it, then, not time that the preachers should be heard from? But not the preachers only; let the pews say amen. We print on page 206 the protest, signed by the Western Unitarian Ministers, and ask our readers who are interested to sign it or copy it, and return to this office with their signature and such others of their neighbors and friends as they may be able to secure, with their addresses. We will print the signatures in these columns and in due time forward them to President Roosevelt. The blame does not belong to a few soldiers in the Philippine islands, or to certain statesmen, politicians, or army officers in Washington. The blame is upon the American people. Let the Americans be heard from. Let the preachers lift this from the domain of politics into the domain of ethics.

The Human Volcanoes.

Shocking as have been the recent disasters, are they any worse than man himself brings and glories in? Said the learned Gibbon, "The mischievous effects of an earthquake or deluge or hurricane or volcano bear a very inconsiderable proportion to the ordinary calamities of war." How often since has a single battle destroyed more lives than all these recent eruptions in the West Indies. More cruelly, too; and those falling stones, stunning people already half suffocated, were merciful beside a dumdum bullet or the mangling fragments of a bursting shell. Volcanoes seem quite kind compared with a "Christian" campaign. Their great destructions are rare, too—it is long since there had been a serious one. Even if this shall prove to have destroyed 25,000 lives, we must remember that the wars between Christian nations in a single decade of our own times—from 1861 to 1871—according to Mulhall's Dictionary, destroyed nearly 1,400,000; that is more than fifty times as many.

Strange as it may seem, too, the volcano is a moral and humane force in the world. With all its evil, it still does good, by cultivating sympathy and charity. These late eruptions, though causing so much suffering, have for that very reason softened hearts all over the world, overcome the animosities of race and religion, and united mankind in a common benevolence to these sufferers without regard to nation, creed or color.

In curious contrast with this kindness and brotherhood which the volcano cultivates, are the results of war. It divides rather than unites men, and forbids these acts of sympathy and help. We must not aid the Boers, lest we offend England. Collections are taken in thousands of American churches for the sufferers in Martinique, but the preacher who should propose one for the Filipino sufferers would be denounced as a traitor almost too wicked to live.

War even hardens hearts as much as the volcano softens them. Think what has just been written even by President Schurman, the chairman of McKinley's Philippine commission, and often cited as an imperialist. He tells how he has seen "cities where thousands of people dwelt together in peace and prosperity utterly destroyed," and he says: "For our three years of

hostility in the Philippines, the inevitable Nemesis now confronts us. You cannot have war without inhumanity and the practice of inhumanity deadens feeling and brutalizes character." Hence, he says, "Some Americans at least have been guilty of conduct which evokes the horror and detestation of mankind;" and "some of our military authorities have practiced Weyler's system of reconcentration, resorted to Oriental methods of torture, turned happy homes into a howling wilderness and murdered boys over ten years of age." Nor does he lay this merely to the soldiers, but adds: "If our cheeks burn with patriotic shame and our hearts quiver with moral indignation, let the bolt strike not only the unhappy inviduals, but the system and policy of which they have been the victims." This system seems to have made Americans quite as savage as the men they were slaying; for President Schurman says again that the people of Luzon and the Visayan Islands are "6,500,000 fellow Christians of ours, the only Christian nation in Asia, as highly civilized as most of the people of Central and South America," "ranking with the Japanese," and having "educated men, as thorough gentlemen as one meets in Europe or America." Yet war has led Americans into such acts against these people that an editor said it is time for Spain to interfere in the Philippines in the interest of humanity.

We see the same effect at home, too. How many people and papers are countenancing and commending the very things which they so fiercely condemned in Weyler four years ago. Recently indeed there has been a general outcry against the tortures that have come to light. But already many papers are condoning and half defending these, and it will not be at all surprising to see a large part of our people soon defending and praising "the water-cure."

Seeing how war is not only more destructive than volcanoes, but deadens and kills human sympathy, while they quicken it, the wise man will prefer them as far the least of the two evils. Certainly we ought not to curse their eruptions, while continuing to make worse ones ourselves. If the world will cease from its human and artificial volcanoes it will have plenty of time and wealth to remove and save men from the milder ones of nature. H. M. S.

Editorial Correspondence.

EN ROUTE TO CHICAGO, MAY 26.

After a winter of quiet and rest such as rarely comes to public workers, we find ourselves on our way to the old home scenes and activities of Chicago, and both secretly confess that much as we love the city to which Dr. Thomas has given his life, it was not without a bit of sadness that we left our charming home in the Southland. In western Florida, but a few miles from the Gulf, and by the side of a little lake, we found it even more attractive as a summer than a winter residence. To be sure, the mercury often climbed up into the 90's during midday, yet in the shade the heat was not intense, the mornings and evenings were cool and the nights deliciously refreshing with never a sultry moment. Then add to this a charming bathing place almost at the door, fresh vegetables from the garden, with cream, butter of your own, eggs warm from the nest, juicy broilers waiting for the cook, and the air redolent with honeysuckle, cape jasamine and magnolia. Is it strange, then, that the rush and din and dirt of a great city does not fascinate?

TUSKEGEE.

Our first stop was in Tuskegee, where with prophetic vision Booker T. Washington is working out the problem of the black man. Tuskegee is a bee hive, 2,300 acres, fifty-eight buildings, in which twenty-eight different industries with their various schools are trying to articulate the growing life and inspiration and independence of the colored youth. If one is blinded by that stupid, brutal thing, race prejudice, let him visit Tuskegee; if he doubts the possibilities of the race, let him stay there until he imbibes the spirit, knows the movements, is acquainted with the results already attained.

Coming there less than twenty years ago, this one time piece of property bearing a name he had appropriated to himself because the world had denied him one, with nothing in his pocket and with but a shanty and chicken coop for class-room and dormitory; Booker T. Washington has builded this monument to the glory of his race and the honor of his country. Building after building of noble brick structure has arisen with every brick made and laid by student hand and every stroke from foundation to gable the work of self-supporting, self-educating young men. The institute has now an endowment of $300,000, with property worth $750,000. Thirteen hundred young men and women are here, strong, industrious, and it is but fair to say that nowhere will be found nobler purpose, greater perseverance or deeper consecration to high ideals. They go out to their own people to teach school, and more to teach housekeeping, and home making, and practical agriculture, and mechanics, and dressmaking, and millinery, laundry—in short, all the arts that make for good homes and independent living. Mr. Washington is supported by a strong body of workers, not the least of whom is the wife, to whose ability and inspiration much of the work of the institution can be traced. The bell rang at 10:45, and every worker hied to his room, slipped into tidy clothing and at 11 was at the chapel, where Dr. Thomas spoke on an intelligent study of the Bible.

BIRMINGHAM.

By invitation of Rabbi Morris Newfield, Superintendent Phillips of the public school, and Dr. Dickenson, of the First Baptist Church, we stopped at Birmingham, that Pittsburg of the South, throbbing with its newly discovered wealth of mines. With already 100,000 people, it is bound at no distant day to become the great inland city of the southern belt. Rabbi Newfield is a young man, a representative of that rapidly growing class of liberal Jews, and one whose presence anywhere is a benediction. With heart of love for all humanity he knows neither Jew nor Gentile, but only brother-man. On Friday evening Dr. Thomas spoke in his Temple and Sunday morning occupied Dr. Dickenson's pulpit in the First Baptist

Church. The pastor is a royal man of open vision, who is not afraid to speak as the vision comes.

Dr. Phillips is a man widely known as one of the foremost educators of the South. He came to Birmingham seventeen years ago and in the face of much prejudice organized the public schools, which under him have grown until there are with him 118 teachers of the liberal spirit today. He is also a member of the conference directing the new educational movement of the South. To these three gentlemen we are indebted for many courtesies and to these the larger movement of thought may look with confidence, for to such souls it means not dogmatism but life. Our welcome was most cordial and we left with promise of an early return.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

Laboring Classes in India.

You hear overmuch of famine and poverty in India. The lower classes are principally affected by such calamity. Amongst the natural causes, drought is the chief factor to bring in famine and its attendant miseries.

India lives upon cultivation and not merchandise. Before the British occupation mercantile business was so extinct that the calling itself was abhorrent and limited within few classes. Even tillage was resorted to not to convert it into commerce; but to use it for food and raiment.

Even now things are not much altered. Tea, indigo, jute cultivation fetches in immense wealth from foreign countries; but the Indian laborers are hewers of wood and carriers of water from time immemorial. The former two, tea and indigo, are grown almost entirely under European management, with the help of the coolies; but the latter is produced by the agrarian population only, which but ill provides other necessaries of life than staple food.

Although there is famine, there is pestilence, there is drought, yet the means to parry them is more than sufficient. Statesmen, politicians, patriots, do not hit the true nail in seeking the remedy. Vast tracts of land in the Brahmaputra River valley, in the central provinces, also in Burmah, present a lifeless, dreary aspect, and only wait to be utilized.

Deep forests and weeds have been in existence from time out of memory. No efforts are being made to subdue and cultivate these tracts, and in consequence, a great disproportion of population to the cultivated areas—a fact which tells heavily on the economic condition of the laboring classes.

In fact, India suffers both from overpopulation and depopulation. In Central provinces the population is about 125 to the square mile. Bengal, which greatly abounds in rice fields and her rivers with incredible swarms of fishes, rears a population about 540 to the square mile.

From overpopulated districts the coolies are recruited for emigration into Mauritius, Trinidad, British Guiana and other British colonies, instead of equalizing the internal distribution.

This sort of emigration to distant countries is harassing and unnecessary and makes their fate doubly undesirable. They are innocent of all education, and unless primary education be made free and largely extended there is no hope for it.

SARAT CHANDRA CHAKRAVATI.

Golaghat, India, April 25, 1902.

The Plaint of the Fruitless Fig-Tree.

Matthew xxi., 19.

I had been humbly following His path,
From the low manger where He saw the light,
Through all its wanderings until the day
When the glad populace strewed the way with palms
Before the King upon the ass's foal.
I think that exultation and amaze
Must have contended in Him, and the dream
Of Judah regnant must have dazzled Him.
He turned away and went to Bethany
To let the dizzy surge of blood recede
And leave Him calm to meet the coming doom.
Thither I followed, and at sultry noon
I sank beside the road beneath a tree
That spread a scanty foliage of brown,
And cast the shadow of a shadow o'er
A turfy hummock where I laid my head.
I thought I would not sleep, and fixed my eye
On one unhappy tuft of yellow leaves,
A-marveling how the all-enlivening Spring
Had left this one tree destitue of green,—
And while I gazed the quivering noon was moved,
A little zephyr set the leaves astir,
And from their midst the eager silence spoke:

I am the Fruitless Fig-tree—
  Hearken what made my name
In all the wide world-garden
  A by-word and a shame.

Bright were the Spring days on me,
  My spreading leaves among
The pale-green buds were swelling,
  And low my branches hung.

Weary and heavy laden
  Came one along the way,
And paused with his comrades near me
  The morn of a sunny day.

Vainly among my branches
  The cooling fruit they sought—
Who could not know that in April
  The search must be for naught!

Stern grew the brow of the leader,
  He opened his mouth and spake
A heavy curse against me,—
  A curse for the season's sake.

How could I comprehend it?
  I thought He must know why;
And I saw my foliage wither,
  With only a gentle sigh.

But the little birds that gathered
  Beneath my leaves at night
And the bees were grieved about it,
  And could not find it right.

I have questioned many a doctor
  And many a cowled saint,
But none of them all could tell me
  The cause of my punishment.

Barren and brown I linger
  Here by the King's command,
I grieve and puzzle about it,
  And cannot understand.

I am waiting now for the Judgment,
  For the dawn of the righteous day,
When the curse and the shame and the evil fame
  Shall be lifted and blown away.

* * * * * *

The shifting sunlight fell athwart my eyes,—
I stirred and opened them, and, looking up,
Beheld the dull-green branches full of fruit.
I got my staff in hand, and all the way
To Bethany I marveled o'er and o'er:
Whether I dreamed at first, and made the plaint
When wide awake, or whether when I woke
I woke into a dream, or whether when
I read that strange tale in the Book, I dream.

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH.

A Vision of Its Future.

An Address Delivered Before the Recent Western Unitarian Conference at Its Fiftieth Anniversary.

REV. FRED V. HAWLEY, LOUISVILLE, KY.

We stand upon a vantage ground, enriched by the heroism of faithful souls. Grand indeed is our heritage here—sacred evermore the ground on which we tread. Recalling, as we do, the fidelity of the forefathers, we would still remember that the very thing which made them faithful in their day and generation was a vision of life's possibilities, as they stood confronting ecclesiastical wildernesses, through which no pioneer had yet so much as blazed a road. It is of this spirit, whether embodied in heroes of the past or present, I would speak to you tonight—the spirit which forever cries, "Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God; but only he who sees, takes off his shoes."

The early Unitarian fathers were obliged to separate themselves from their fellow-worshipers. Let us remember that they did not angrily seclude themselves, nor often try to exclude their honest fellowmen. The separation really came by reason of the universal principle of growth. Let the fruit tree serve for illustration. The pear that ripens early does quit the company of its brothers, when they are laggards in their work. But the separation only marks degrees of growth, and is not necessarily final. That the hard, the sour and bitter, clinging, dogged and persistent in its place has indeed a different aspect from the mellow, sweet and more nourishing, is no proof that the former is not also fruit; nor that both are not children of the self-same life, destined for the self-same end. The real differences between men, whether of times past or in the present, is a difference of growth and comprehension.

The first fish who forsook the policy of his fellows, to stay contented in the pool, and impatiently leaped out upon the shore, doubtless got some sand in his eyes, and experienced other slight discomforts. The commendable feature of his proceeding was, that in making use of his opportunities he at last grew himself some legs with which to crawl, and then to walk at ease. But we discover that even after this accomplishment, he could not entirely separate himself from the water—the element in which he was born, or from the common life of his fellows, who still were in the pool.

This law applies to man, to his growths and changes in religion. Foolish indeed it would seem today to ignore the universal order. Whenever we try to limit the expressions of truth and growth, or indulge in childish pastimes of denunciation and of hate, it is as if the luscious ripened pear should deny its parent stem and berate its green companions. Even the progressive mammal cannot live without using the water in which it found its birth, and the most progressive religionist of our modern times cannot portray his scheme of ethics without drawing upon the universal source of all religions, past or present—the hope, the wonder and the aspiration of the human soul. Out of this permanent element in humanity, all the gods of centuries past were born; and it is out of that same element which we today create our precious deities, whether they be trinitarian or unitarian in their form. Saying nothing of the deceased forms of ecclesiasticism, petty questions of doctrine and church government, the majority of the very *gods* which the nations of the world have worshiped are *dead* today and resting on oblivion's peaceful shore. Even the most modern of them all—Mary, Jesus and Jehovah—may one day be replaced by deities with other names—by *other* pictures new. But the aspiration of the soul, which imagines and portrays these gods to express its ideals, will still continue to work and declare its higest visions.

> Gods may come and gods may go
> But *life* goes on forever.

The great stream of religious systems turns now this way and now that. We trace what seems to be a distinct current here, another there; but all these apparently diverging and conflicting movements are really waters of the same great stream flowing toward the eternal sea.

Apart from all our simile and metaphor, do we not see that the great central fact is life and growth and progress? This being true, what of the individual, the church or the denomination that would seek to injure, hamper or limit in any way, at any time, the inevitable, expanding, universal life? Such a machine, I trust, will *never* be the organization known as Unitarian. The word of the Nazarene prophet is, "I came not to destroy, but to fulfill." The real victories of the past have all been gained by such a method; that is the fructifying, ripening process. What quarrel can disciples of progress possibly have, either with the fruit still hard and bitter to our taste, or with that which, perchance, may have outstripped us in its growth?

When we groan and complain of the hardness and stolidity of the world, sneering at the ignorance and cupidity of the race; or when, at the other extreme, we mourn the growth of our sister churches and lament because their expansion has narrowed the old time chasm between reputed "liberal" and "conservative;" in either case, my brothers, we are demonstrating to the world our pitiable lack of vision, and denying the very essence of the faith and hope which brought us to the present hour. Fixed and useless indeed is the soul without prophetic vision. The men whose names we love to honor are the ones who always said, "There is yet more of truth and love to be revealed."

"Though a child of the past, man is also a parent of the future." Whether we will or no, promise and prophecy are in every word and deed today. However feeble our present sight may be, the man who does not see visions and dream dreams, is one who cannot work up to the limit of his power. That line of heroes recorded in the Scripture is characterized at last by the prophet's word when he exclaims, "These all accomplish their high tasks and have entered into glory, because they labored as seeing the invisible," dreamers of dreams, painters of heroic visions. So I stand with you tonight, glorying in the past, to draw a picture of the future. We have at least come to recognize that—

> "One holy Church of God appears
> Through every age and race."

Little does it matter what we *call* it, friends; for qualities are greater than names. The church that will endure is virtually a great church of the free, seeking to unite people not in a common creed or belief, but in a common purpose, to help bear one another's burdens and make the most of life.

The work of that great church is not yet done. Whether the mission of the churches called "Unitarian" be finished soon or late, depends upon how well they represent that great church of the free. All petty systems have their day. Creeds bind, are outgrown and lose their power; but the organization whose very basic principle is growth and *outgrowth* forever, is at one with nature, therefore universal and eternal.

Whenever I hear it said that the outlines of Unitarianism are at last determined, clearly and well defined, I am prepared for the word which naturally and logically follows, that the work of the denomination is practically *done*, and it may as well cease to exist. But so long as the Unitarianism of today is always

something other and *different* from the Unitarianism of yesterday, because larger and better, so long as its central principle is *progress,* it will never die nor ever cease to grow. Its mission will but deepen and broaden throughout the coming ages. Whenever a Unitarian makes his watchword, "Back to Channing," or "Back to Jesus," back to anything or anybody, he is publicly announcing that growth may at last be stopped, and the proper watchword now is "Hold!"

Unitarianism has shaped the very literature of America, and still continues as its leading force. Why? It is because its free disciples have *not* been crying "Back to this, or back to that; you must stop here or stop there," but rather because they have been always looking forward and not backward. Thus it has made itself a divine ferment—a holy contagion. This has been the one predominant characteristic of our Unitarian faith—that each thinker and toiler should always have the right to be himself, quite unmolested; delving to the depths, and climbing to the heights. In the sublime faith that there are still

"Poems unwritten, and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard."

we may lift ourselves occasionally from earnest toil among the rugged clods, and as we straighten our backs and wipe the perspiration from our brows, exclaim with gladness of soul, "I know more, I see further now, and I will adjust my course to the new inspiring vision."

The day will come when this conference shall give thanks for every seer and prophet. Instead of fearing, shunning or hating any, even the most aggressive, visionary and erratic of them all—it will give to such its tenderest benedictions; realizing that in *this* family circle there is room for every wandering child. This will not mean that conviction and opinion shall be ignored or *cease;* but that the petty egotism and shallow arrogance of other systems has been made *impossible* here, through growth and greater breadth of soul.

Inspired by such a spirit, what may this conference yet accomplish? When not in *theory* only, but in practical activity it has become a sacred union of loving hearts, demonstrating to all, the potency of freedom, fellowship and character in religion. It has long been the sacred breathing place for souls that grew too fast to be kept within the limits of creed and dogma. Not a month passes now, but brings some earnest, struggling student from out the ranks of creed-bound sects, seeking admission through our friendly portals, where no dogmatic test shall ever be inscribed. So long as the disciples of Unitarianism are true to the great principles of growth and progress this exodus is sure to increase. Thus, year by year, will be added to the vanguard of rational religion a growing number of earnest disciples, until breadth and brotherliness shall have become the popular phases of our common religious life. Then these annual gatherings shall be thronged with faithful workers who come not to revive their drooping spirits, or replace discouragement with a pumped up enthusiasm, but to report their experiences, recount their victories, and counsel together for a stronger, more united and efficient service.

May the time soon come when no word of bitter criticism, harshness or ridicule shall again mar the utterances falling from the lips of any disciple who speaks in the name of liberalism; when among all people, whether inside or outside the circle of our faith, we shall see the indications of a growing life, faithfully struggling to express itself in a form which the individual soul can best appreciate and understand.

The day approaches when we shall always be able to trace love's faint beginnings and—

"To know even hate is but a mask of love's,
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill success; to sympathize, be proud
Of their half reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudices, fears, cares and doubts,
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all, though weak,
Like plants in mines, which never saw the sun,
But dream of Him, and guess where He may be;
And do their best to climb to get to Him."

What we need and what we shall certainly develop is a larger vision. Now that we have come to recognize the great truth, that there can never more be a *Unitarian* orthodoxy or heterodoxy, the next step ought to enable us to see that there should be no seclusion or exclusion anywhere in the great circle of religion. Dishonesty and unkindness shall one day be the only heresies; lack of consideration and sympathy, the only infidelity. The one who fails to see in the splendid devotion of the ignorant idol worshiper, or in the ascending grass blade, expressions of the longing and the aspiration infinite, shall be the only atheist.

When that time comes, we shall know and feel that it is beneath the great rainbow arch of love that heroes live and labor. Their power to do and dare, to bear and suffer, is born of love immortal. Great is this royal power, and grander still must ever grow all power evoked by love. This is the sure foundation of our united strength. Bright be our visions for the future, if we are but disciples here of truth and love!

"For no power can die that works for truth,
Thereby a law of nature it becomes,
And lives, undaunted, in its sinewy youth,
Unfading and eternal."

To be sure of our immortality as a Unitarian body, we have but to be the truth and the love which are eternal. To be that truth and that love, is to live today embosomed in eternity and clothed upon with deathlessness. Greater than all forms or faiths or denominational names, is the spirit of life and growth, in ever broadening hospitality. Ours is the happy privilege of putting such a spirit into the method of our work as to make the very name we bear synonymous with infinite life and love. When, in this Unitarian body, ignorance and oppression have been quite outgrown, then shall the name under which we gather stand rounded out in proportions radiant; and there shall ascend from all our churches in reverence and gratitude the mighty chant of victory and peace.

"The Inspiration of Its Past."

An Address Delivered at the Recent Meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D. D., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mr. Crooker said in part:

"The inspiration of our past, as Unitarian churches in the great west, lies in what we have been able to accomplish for the religious life and civic welfare of the people in this region. A few churches, about twoscore, with an existence long enough to become historic, widely scattered over a vast area and working under many disadvantages—what have we done to make an honorable and inspiring record?

"Out of a population of little more than 10,000 people, hardly a small city in size, in little more than a generation, these churches have given nearly a dozen governors to their western states, including Austin Blair, the great war governor of Michigan. They have given the great jurist, Justice Miller, to the United States Supreme Court; six members to the cabinets of our presidents, and three distinguished ministers to foreign courts. Early and eminent anti-slavery leaders like George W. Julian and John F. Potter were Unitarians. Congressmen, not a few, besides the two men just mentioned: representatives like George E. Adams and Robert M. La Follette and senators like Timothy O. Howe. One of the most

powerful advocates of liberty this nation has ever procured, Rev. Ichabod Codding, found his fellowship with us. Of judges of state supreme courts and federal courts in this region more than a score of them could be counted on the bench at the same time. Sixteen of the twenty pastors whom we had in the west at that time saw service in the Union army.

"In education, such men as Rev. Dr. William G. Eliot, of St. Louis, the founder of Washington University and the inspirer of almost every charity in that city, and such women as Lucinda Stone, "the mother of clubs." Others also like Mr. Huntoon, a great educator of the blind; Rev. Dr. Heywood, of Louisville, "the father of the high schools," of Kentucky; and Nathan Guilford, of Cincinnati, a pioneer for public education in Ohio. Unitarians have everywhere in these communities been leaders in establishing free kindergartens and also in securing their incorporation into the common schools. In the last twenty years we have given the presidents to the National Conference of Charities and Correction.

"Books written by our ministers and laymen have gone into all libraries and are read wherever the English language is used. Many also have been translated into foreign tongues. Poems sent forth by the men and women in these few churches have spread widely over the earth. Hymns written by some of our ministers are found in the hymnals of many other churches. Here in Chicago, as elsewhere, Unitarians have been foremost for education, charity and reform, contributing far more than their share to the higher life of our people.

"Wherever a Unitarian church has been organized the atmosphere of freedom has been shed abroad; it has been a little easier for people to think freely and grow in religion. The spirit of brotherhood has grown; love and appreciation have been more abundant. The efforts for a better organization of humanity have multiplied; a little easier for the young to get an education and a quicker response to human need. With no unseemly pride over our achievements and with no disposition to ignore the splendid services and successes of others, we may well rejoice in the fruitage of our faith. The demonstrations from history that this religious ideal and spirit have the capacity to produce noble and useful men and women is our abundant inspiration and our high call to heroic endeavor.

"Let us, stirred by these great memories, close up our ranks, warm our hearts at the altar fires that our fathers kindled, and go forth, with no bitterness for the Old Orthodoxy and no surrender to the New Orthodoxy, to make our church the home of all reverent souls, the shelter for all repentant sinners, the efficient foe of all evil and injustice, the training school for civic virtues, and the spring and fountain of that essential Christianity that shall make glad the hearts of men."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XXXIII.

The Story of Samson.

After Joshua's death the Children of Israel settled down in the land of Canaan, each tribe in that part of the country which it had received by lot. And I suppose they hoped to go on now for hundreds of years, having a happy time of it, in possession of this Promised Land. The tribes who were to live on the other side of Jordan had gone back to their homes.

And now, for the first time, there was peace in the land of Canaan. There was no talk of war; fathers did not have to leave their wives and children, or their happy homes, in order to go out and be soldiers; they could stay and work near their families, and help to bring up and educate their boys and girls, and take care of the home. They began to have cities of their own here and there in Canaan, and to have the feeling now that they really owned the country.

They had been so successful in conquering the other tribes of people in that land, and in seizing the cities they found there, that for a long time the people who had been living in Canaan dared not do anything to defend themselves. But they had not all been killed off, those wicked people I have told you about. Perhaps they just lived on, keeping themselves out of sight as much as possible; and the Children of Israel may have thought that there never would be any more trouble over those conquered tribes of Canaanites. They felt themselves quite above all those Canaanites —and rightly so, because they had better habits, and were a better people.

But the time came by and by when the Canaanites began to grow in numbers again, and to be more important; they had kept quiet for a long while, but now they were much stronger, until they set out to attack the Israelites and make war upon them in order to get possession of their country again. This was something very surprising to the Children of Israel, which they had not expected at all, and they hardly knew what to make of it. Then, too, they had no great leader at this time. Joshua had not named any one to take his place, in the way that Moses had named Joshua to be the leader of the Children of Israel. Each tribe went on managing its own affairs in its own way. The people got along for a time without any general form of government such as we have nowadays; they were held together because they were of one race, speaking one language; also because of the memory of former times, and of former leaders, Moses and Joshua, and of their forefathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Now, however, when the Canaanites began to show their strength once more, and to make war on the Children of Israel, of course the Israelites felt the need of some kind of government. But as they had no one leader, they did the best they could in fighting their enemies, especially those Canaanites who were called the Philistines. From time to time one or another man would rise up as unusually brave and strong, and help one or more of the tribes in fighting these Philistines, or the Canaanites. But the fact is, they were getting the worst of it.

What is more, they had begun to have some of the bad ways of the Canaanites; at times forgetting their Great Ruler, and even worshiping the idols of the people of Canaan. This was something very bad, indeed, so that we feel they deserved punishment, and they got it more and more.

Now I have to tell you a story about one of the leaders who rose up in those days among the Children of Israel and helped them very much in fighting the Philistines. This man was considered to be the strongest man who ever lived, and his name was Samson.

There was a certain man of the family of the Danites whose name was Manoah. He and his wife had not had any children, but wanted very much to have a little son or daughter. At last, we are told, a messenger came from the Lord, and said to Manoah's wife that she should have a son, but warned her that she should make of him what was called a Nazarite, meaning by this that in some special way he should be a servant of the Lord.

When Manoah heard about this he did not know what to think. He wanted very much to meet this messenger himself. And one day the messenger came to the wife as she was out in the field, when Manoah, her husband, was not with her, and the woman made haste and ran and told her husband, and said unto him: "Behold, the man has appeared unto me that came unto me the other day." And Manoah rose and went after his wife, and came to the man and said unto him: "Art thou the man that spakest unto the woman?" And he said: "I am." And Manoah said: "Now let thy words come to pass; what shall be the manner of the child, and what shall be his work?" And the messenger said unto Manoah about the same that he had said to Manoah's wife when he first came to her.

Manoah and his wife now felt pleased and glad to think that they should have a son. By and by the child came to them, and they called his name Samson. We do not hear very much about him when he was a boy; but I am sure that he must have been very strong, and oftentimes surprised his father and mother with what he could do in this way. No other boys of his age could have shown the same amount of strength. In fact, even at that time he must have been stronger than his own father. I have no doubt that Manoah was glad to think of all this, because he could feel that his boy might grow up and become a leader among the Israelites, and help them in their battles with the Philistines. And this is just what happened. When Samson was grown up, as I have told you, he had enormous strength, such as no man living nowadays could ever show. Even wild animals, such as lions or tigers, must have been afraid of him, while he had no fear of them, for he was stronger than any lion or tiger.

One time, for instance, he was on his way down to the Philistines, and he met a young lion, and behold! the young lion roared against him. Perhaps not another man in all the land of Canaan but would have stood still or tried to run away; even the giants of those days would have been afraid. But not so with Samson; he rushed boldly at the lion, seized him by the jaws and tore him to pieces, although he had nothing in his hand.

Sometime later on, when he was passing that way, he noticed the body of the lion which he had killed; and behold! there was a swarm of bees in the body of the lion and honey; and he took it in his hand and went on, eating as he went.

When, therefore, he came to the Philistines he said to them: "Let me now put forth a riddle unto you. If ye can declare it unto me within seven days and find out, I will give you thirty linen garments and thirty changes of raiment. But if ye cannot declare it unto me, then shall ye give me thirty linen garments and thirty changes of raiment." And they said unto him: "Put forth thy riddle that we may hear it." And he said unto them: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." This is the riddle, you see, which they were to explain.

Samson smiled to himself, because he knew that they would never be able to declare the riddle; he was the only one who knew anything about how he had killed the lion and afterward found bees and honey in the body of the lion. Samson appears at first to have been a modest man, not given to boasting, and he had not talked about his brave deed.

But I shall have to tell you of one weakness of this man Samson. It sometimes happens, you know, that there are people who are very strong with their bodies and yet do not have strong minds. They may be able to do wonderful things with their arms and to astonish everybody with their feats of strength. On the other hand, they may not have self-control and be able to resist temptation, so as to refuse to do what they have made up their minds they will not do. You will observe this in boys sometimes. You may see the strongest boys, in the presence of whom even larger boys than themselves are afraid; yet they will disobey or do things which they know they will be ashamed of afterward.

Every one who is grown up will understand how important it is to be strong in one's mind as well as in one's body; and how it may be of little use to a man to have the strength in his arms if he has not that strength of mind so that he can keep his good resolutions.

Now we shall see how Samson had only the one kind of strength, and every now and then would fail to keep the resolutions he had made. You see he was strong only on one side.

We shall notice now what took place owing to this lack of strength of mind on the part of Samson in his dealings with the Philistines, to whom he had proposed this riddle. I suppose he was planning to help the Israelites against them, and this was the first step he was taking for that purpose.

But the Philistines went to Samson's wife and threatened her, saying: "Entice thy husband that he may declare unto us the riddle, lest we burn thee and thy father's house with fire."

I am sorry to say Samson did not have a good wife. She was vain, and she wanted to be able to declare this riddle. She knew that she ought not to ask this of Samson, because her husband had a very important reason for not explaining what he was doing. But she wept before him and would not be comforted, saying: "Thou lovest me not; thou hast put forth a riddle, and hast not told it to me." And he said manfully: "Behold, I have not told it to my father and mother, and shall I tell it to thee?" And she pleaded with him for seven days, until finally it came to pass on the seventh day that he yielded, although he knew that he ought not to do so. Then she told the answer to the riddle to the Philistines.

And so, on the seventh day, the Philistines came to him with their answer, in these words: "What is sweeter than honey, and what is stronger than a lion?"

I am sure that Samson felt heartily ashamed of himself, because he knew that he had been weak, and had broken his resolution. But he was determined to punish the Philistines. And so, later on, we are told how he went and caught three hundred foxes and took firebrands and turned the foxes tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst, between every two tails, and when now they had found out how they could conquer Sam- he had set the brands on fire he let the foxes go to the standing corn of the Philistines and burned up the standing corn and also the olive yards. This was the beginning of the effort Samson was making to attack the Philistines, and in that way trying to help the Israelites against them.

To the Teacher: The story of Samson exactly as it stands, may not seem to have an ethical element in it. As a man he was rather to be despised than admired. But in this very fact is the lesson to be drawn—how a man because he is weak morally may squander magnificent resources instead of using them for good purposes. One can picture the amount of service which this man could have done for his people with his enormous strength, if it had not been mere brute strength, but had been accompanied with strength of mind or self-control. It can be shown how this weakness made Samson just about as bad morally as the Philistines themselves. Point out, for instance, when he sought to punish the Philistines; how it was more out of desire for revenge than for the purpose of helping his people. One may pity Samson, but not admire him.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The morning is the most memorable season of the day; for an hour, at least, some part of us awakes which slumbers all the rest of the day. One's Genius tries again what noble life it can make.

MON.—What danger is there if you don't think of any? If a man is alive, there is always *danger* that he will die—if he is not too dead-and-alive to begin with. A man sits as many risks as he runs.

TUES.—The best works of art are the expression of man's struggle to free himself from low conditions.

WED.—The cost of a thing is the amount of life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run.

THURS.—Be sure you give the poor the aid they most need, though it be your example which leaves them far behind.

FRI.—The man who has at length found something to do will not need to get a new suit to do it in. The old will do.

SAT.—It is a surprising experience to be lost in the woods any time. We can appreciate the vastness and strangeness of Nature. Not till we are lost—in other words, not till we have lost the world, do we begin to find ourselves, and realize the infinite extent of our relations.

H. D. THOREAU.

Bobolink Chimes.

A whir of wings o'er clovered meadows,
The gleam of a harness and crown,
And low on the swaying maple
A bobolink settles down.

A chime as if from bells of silver
Over the clover soft doth float,
E'er yet the rapturous song-burst
Outpours from the feathered throat.

A whir of wings, a gleam of yellow,
Faint-heard notes, and into the throng
Of clover heads gently nodding,
Drop softly the bird and song.

As Wordsworth saw in dreamy wakings
Daffodils nodding in seas of gold,
For me the hills and meadows will ever
The chime of bobolinks hold.

—*Journal of Education.*

The Carbon Fairies.

It was growing dark, and Mary, seated beside a warm coal fire, was waiting for supper. She had walked quite a long distance from school through the snow and over the ice, so it seemed pretty good to sit by the fire to warm her toes and rest a bit.

She watched the coal redden and blacken by turns, while blue flames darted here and there, as though playing a merry game of Hide and Seek.

"Hello, little girl," said a sweet voice from that direction. "You think we are playing Hide and Seek, do you not? Well, so we are, but you and the other people in the room are the ones we seek. We seek to touch each with our fairy wand before darting up chimney like good old St. Nicholas. We make summer for you here all winter long. North Wind rushes about, singing his loudest songs over the meadows and through the woods, but he cannot touch any one in this room where we Carbon Fairies are playing. We look out through the tiny windows of this small house that people call a coal stove, and see how happy people look who come near us. Kittie is now rolling upon her soft cushion, purring loudly. Rover has his little cold, black nose stretched out this way. Baby has cooed himself to sleep looking at the bright fire, and now, little girl, if your toes are getting warm, I'll tell you something about where we Carbon Fairies came from.

"Ages and ages ago, long before Adam and Eve lived in the world, we lived in the trees as many do now. There was no music except the songs of the breezes which rocked us to sleep.

"One day we rocked harder than any breeze could rock. We rocked so hard that, crash went down the largest, tallest trees. I tell you we were frightened, for we thought everything was going to pieces, but we were not hurt at all. Then, harder and harder rocked the very ground itself, until great waves of the ocean came rolling over us. Surely, we thought, everything now was going to be drowned. But no, we were not hurt at all. After awhile, when all was quiet again, the Sea Fairies played us to sleep with their little shell harps.

"We never woke up until last year, when a little pecking noise was heard close by. Looking up we saw what seemed like a star, but really it was a small lantern on somebody's hat, and that somebody was hammering away in order to fill his basket with coal. When his basket was filled it was emptied into a larger basket; then up, up, we went, through a long, dark hole until we came to daylight again. The ocean was gone, but it seems that before going away he had rolled a great mountain over us. Strange we were not crushed, but that is the way the coal was made, and we are so glad that everything happened as it did, because we can now make people warm and comfortable.

"How different everything looked to us now in the world. There were not so many trees, but some of them were singing ('the birds,' thought Mary). Some of the trees had bright colored leaves instead of only green ones ('flowers,' thought Mary again). The great sun was shining over all just as he used to shine. Now good-bye, little Mary, for I'm going to see more of this wonderful world," and up the chimney flew the fairy.

"Supper's ready!" Mary looked up and there stood papa with baby brother in his arms, all ready to eat supper and to hear her story.—*The Child-Garden.*

The Washerwoman's Song.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone,
"With a Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song,
She was humming all day long,
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,
Of a Savior and a friend,
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub.
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools
With old scissors stuck in spools,
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds,
Have their root in human needs;
And I would not wish to strip,
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that song can bring,
For the woman has a friend,
Who will keep her to the end.

—*Eugene F. Ware.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY UNANIMOUS VOTE AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, MAY 8, 1902:

(1) That we ratify the agreement made by our directors with the directors of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, whereby the latter society takes possession of our stock of publications, assuming our outstanding accounts and liabilities and agreeing to maintain headquarters at Chicago on an arrangement substantially as at present (at a yearly expense of not over $450) for at least two years from January 1, 1902.

(2) That we cede the plates and copyrights for "Unity Services and Songs" and "Unity Festivals" to Rev. J. V. Blake.

(3) That we cede our other plates and copyrights to the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

(4) That our Endowment Fund be added to the vested funds of the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

(5) That we cede our furniture and fittings to the Western Unitarian Conference.

(6) That we recommend the appointment of the following as members of the Western Advisory Board to be selected by the directors of the Unitarian Sunday School Society under the terms of the merger above ratified: Rev. W. H. Pulsford, Mrs. F. C. Southworth, Mrs. M. H. Perkins, Miss Eva G. Wanzer and Mr. W. A. Barnes.

(7) That we put on record this expression of our loving memories of Rev. John R. Effinger, the long time friend of our society and worker in all its activities. Acting in many official capacities, and president of our society at the time of his death, he always served with grace, wisdom and loyalty. As a man he won the sincere respect and affection of all who knew him, and it is with deep feeling that we record this little tribute to his noble character and faithful service.

(8) That the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society welcomes the closer affiliation with the Unitarian Sunday School Society, wishing it God-speed in its enlarged responsibilities and opportunities; and that we pledge the hearty and loyal co-operation of the churches of the central west to this endeavor to extend the influence of our pioneer workers throughout the country, with Chicago as the radiating center for the now nationalized Unitarian Sunday School work.

(9) That we give a vote of thanks to our secretary and treasurer, Albert Scheible, for his long and faithful service on behalf of our society.

Note: Resolutions Nos. 1 to 6 were presented by the committee on business, consisting of Rev. J. H. Crooker, Rev. W. M. Backus and Mrs. F. C. Southworth.

No. 7 was presented by Rev. J. H. Crooker, No. 8 by Rev. Gilmore (Madison) and No. 9 by Rev. Florence Buck.

A CALL FROM THE UNITARIAN MINISTERS.

The undersigned Unitarian ministers of the West would respectfully call upon the President and the Congress of the United States, the churches, our fellow-ministers and all citizens, promptly and emphatically to condemn the recent cruelties reported to have been committed by certain soldiers and officers of the army in the Philippines, such as the "water-cure," "rope-cure" and other tortures, and the admitted "kill-all-over-ten-years-of-age" order. These barbarities are uncalled for by modern warfare, unsanctioned by the laws and precedents of the United States government, unworthy of our traditions, and in flagrant contradiction of our avowed purposes. We deplore and condemn all attempts to palliate or excuse these cruelties on the ground of special provocation or military exigencies, and in order that the good name of our army, the standing of our country among the nations of the world, and, above all, that the cause of humanity may be vindicated, we ask for a thorough investigation of these charges, and a prompt punishment of any person responsible for such outrages as may be proved, and we welcome gratefully the decided action which the President already has taken.

E. M. Abbott, Grand Haven, Mich.
Seward Baker, Sheffield, Ill.
Ed. H. Barrett, Brooklyn, Mich.
J. Vila Blake, Evanston, Ill.
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J. H. Mueller, Bloomington, Ill.
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Margaret T. Olmstead, Cherokee, Ia.
Hans Peterson, Underwood, Minn.
J. D. O. Powers, Sioux City, Ia.
W. H. Ramsay, Kansas City, Mo.
G. H. Rice, Pueblo, Colo.
A. M. Rihbany, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
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E. C. Smith, Hinsdale, Ill.
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L. H. Stoughton, Fort Collins, Colo.
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Fred J. Van Hoesen, Geneseo, Ill.
Duren J. H. Ward, Iowa City, Ia.
Harry White, Duluth, Minn.
A. J. Williams, Rock Rapids, Ia.
Abram Wyman, Topeka, Kas.

Foreign Notes.

MEA CULPA—A DUTCH WOMAN'S VIEW.—We have had comment and counter-comment, indignation, recrimination, justification of present wars until many a man and woman, heartsick from very helplessness, is fain to turn away from the whole sad subject. Now and then, however, one comes across a word from some source so personal and striking that one is moved to pass it on, notwithstanding the seeming ineffectiveness of words. Such an utterance is this extract from a letter of Mme. von Kol, wife of a Socialist deputy in Holland, to a French friend connected with the *Union pour l'Action Morale*, who had written of Holland's efforts in behalf of the Transvaal when all the great powers declined to act.

"Do not," says the writer, "go to idealizing 'little Holland.' It is hypocritical for any Hollander to reproach the English with the war in the Transvaal so long as we have our war in Atjeh (Achin). Do you know what we are doing in Atjeh? There we kill the natives on their knees at prayer, we burn their villages and their fields of ripening rice. After a battle we refuse to give up the bodies of our enemies to those who seek them for burial. I do not know if we kill women and children, but that would hardly surprise me. So the Atjinians hate us and spit when they speak of the 'dogs of Hollanders.'

"And do you know why all the world has its eyes on the Boers? Because they are *whites*. Were they brown, or yellow, or black England might do what she would and no one would mind. And all the *peoples* are indignant, but all the *governments* have their own secret reasons for not interfering with the English in the Transvaal, the Sultan in Armenia and the Dutch in Sumatra. If there was a single government with an absolutely clear conscience it would openly take up the defense of any oppressed race or nation. But all have their long list of crimes—except, perhaps, Switzerland, which has no colonies. Even France, the most generous to colonies of all the nations, has not probably hands unstained by human blood.

"And I will tell you something else that will prevent your

idealizing Holland. The wars that England wages she pays for herself—it is the English people who bear the burden of them. We, we make the natives of our colonies, that gentle Malay people who are dying in misery under our government, pay for our war in Atjeh, which has been going on these thirty years. At home, too, we take up, hypocrites that we are, collections for the Boers, while at this time in several districts of Java the natives are perishing from famine, and friends of the Javanese can with difficulty get together a few hundred florins to prevent the famine in Java from becoming what it was in Hindustan. For the people who support our useless and unworthy wars but one florin is given for every thousand or ten thousand for the Boers. It is pure hypocrisy. There is no nation whose colonial policy, so far as finances are concerned, is so vilely selfish as our own. Behold what we are—and what I tell the children of my country when I talk to them of the war in the Transvaal; and beg them not to execrate the English for doing down there in Africa what we have been doing elsewhere for thirty years.

"But the world's history is also the world's judgment, and the day will come when all the shame we have been laying up in our colonies will recoil on our own heads. I am sure that for England the end has begun, while I see that among us our very greediness prepares our ruin.

"For the rest, I know this earth is but a purgatory where the nations devour each other. After those great, voracious beasts, England and Holland, will come other nations, who will write their colonial history in the blood of the so-called inferior races.

"One thing only comforts me, and that is that in every nation there are some souls above the common level who know how to love their country and the genius of their people without hating or fighting the brother beyond its boundaries. Brave Miss Hobhouse is one of these, and surely the good 'Aunt Soupa,' who wept over the Boers and over England, would have pressed her hand as that of a sister * * * "

M. E. H.

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"The Goose Girl", by Kate Douglas Wiggins, published at $1.00, our price 75c.

The undersigned would respectfully call upon the President and the Congress of the United States, the churches, our fellow-ministers and all citizens, promptly and emphatically to condemn the recent cruelties reported to have been committed by certain soldiers and officers of the army in the Philippines, such as the "Water-cure", "Rope-cure" and other tortures, and the admitted "kill-all-over-ten-years-of-age" order. These barbarities are uncalled for by modern warfare, unsanctioned by the laws and precedents of the United States government, unworthy of our traditions, and in flagrant contradiction of our avowed purposes. We deplore and condemn all attempts to palliate or excuse these cruelties on the ground of special provocation or military exigencies, and in order that the good name of our army, the standing of our country among the nations of the world, and above all, that the cause of humanity may be vindicated, we ask for a thorough investigation of these charges, and a prompt punishment of any person responsible for such outrages as may be proved; and we welcome gratefully the decided action which the President already has taken.

NAME. | ADDRESS.

TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

1902. THIRTEENTH SEASON. 1902.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT SUBJECT TO REVISION.

At the close of the successful season of 1901, the School took the next season's work into deliberate consideration and the officers were asked to promulgate this preliminary announcement. This tentative program was born out of the very satisfactory experiences of the season of 1901 and was carefully thought out by the teachers and pupils of that season. It is subject to such modifications and improvements as may be determined by vote of students assembled. Suggestions solicited.

DATES.—1902. July 13 to August 17, inclusive, representing five weeks of five days in the week, six Sundays.

FORENOONS.

SCIENCE, NATURE AND FIELD WORK, with special reference to the needs of children and young people and the teachers of such; 8:15 to 10:15 a. m. generally divided into two periods. Dr. O. G. Libby, Madison, Wis., Professors W. S. Marshall, Madison, Wis., and T. R. Lloyd Jones, Hartford, Wis.; Mrs. G. M. Bowen, Minneapolis, Minn., and Miss Etta M. Bardwell, Ottumwa, Iowa, committee.

See second page.

LITERATURE.—10:30 a. m. to 12 m.

First Week.—Shelley and his Poet-train. Mr. Jones, leader.

Second Week.—Normal Sunday-school work. The sixth year in the "Seven years' course on Religion." "The Growth of Christianity"; The Literary, Art, Science and Biographical Stepping Stones of Progress Through Fourteen Christian Centuries. Mr. Jones, leader.

Third Week.—The Arthurian Cycle. Miss Annie B. Mitchell, leader.

Fourth Week.—John Ruskin as a Student of Social Problems. Mr. Jones, leader.

Fifth Week.—Robert Browning's "Ring and the Book." Mr. Jones, leader.

AFTERNOONS.

No exercises. Sacred to sleep, silence and such walks, talks and drives as re-create.

EVENINGS.

Two or three lectures a week, as the class may elect, freely illustrated with stereopticon. Committee: O. G. Libby, T. R. Lloyd Jones, Miss Gwen Jones, Chester Lloyd Jones and Miss Anna Nell Philip.

SUNDAYS.

Vesper Readings, 7:30, by Mr. Jones every Sunday evening. Three Sundays, double meetings, forenoon and afternoon; basket dinner in the woods; dinner, ice cream, etc., served in dining hall to those desiring it; *July 13*, Inauguration Day, "Nature Sunday"; *July 27*, "Farmers' Sunday"; *August 10*, Twenty-first Annual Helena Valley Grove Meeting. August 17, closing preaching services, 2:30 p. m.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

FOR UNATTENDED CHILDREN.—The experience of Miss Wynne Lackersteen in 1901, in taking charge of unaccompanied children, proved so successful that she will be prepared to give personal attention and direction of study and exercise to a few boys under fifteen congenial to one another. Similar arrangements can be made for a group of girls if desired.

Library Class.—Miss Evelyn H. Walker, graduate of the University of Chicago Library Class and Librarian of All Souls Church, Chicago, as in 1901, will have a class in library work with special reference to the needs of small libraries, Sunday-school and public school librarians.

Sketching Class.—Tower Hill offers special attractions to the art student. A class in sketching and water colors will be organized under a competent teacher, special attention being given to such water color work as is now required of public school teachers, when desired by the students.

Sociability.—The atmosphere of the school is quiet. We seek to meet the needs of tired teachers, preachers and workers and life seekers who need renewal of nerve not the excitement of society, a re-creation of spirit better than a dissipation of energy. We seek to emphasize the solemnities of life rather than the trivialities. Simplicity of dress, quiet conversation and early retiring are the leading characteristics of the school which seeks to be a SCHOOL OF REST by being a school of thought. It seeks to strengthen character rather than to impart information, to generate wholesome enthusiasm rather than inculcate method. It is nonsectarian but religious, free but earnest.

For further information inquire of any of the undersigned officers, who solicit correspondence to the end that the needs and wishes of those who attend will be met as far as possible.

President—O. G. Libby, Ph.D., University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Vice-President—T. R. Lloyd Jones, Superintendent of Schools, Hartford, Wis.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Annie L. Kelly, 9 Aldine square, Chicago.

Additional Directors—Prof. W. S. Marshall, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside Home School, Hillside, Wis.; Miss Emma Saulsbury, Ridgely, Md.; Miss Cordelia Kirkland, 174 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago; Miss Juniata Stafford, Appleton, Wis.; Mrs. G. M. Bowen, 1605 Kenwood Park Way, Minneapolis, Minn.; R. H. Denniston, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; Prof. E. C. Perisho, State Normal School, Platteville, Wis.; Prof. W. H. Dudley, State Normal School, Platteville, Wis.; Miss Amalie Hofer, 530 East Forty-seventh street, Chicago; Miss Elizabeth C. Buhmann, 456 North avenue, Chicago; Mrs. Hermann Hofer Hegner, 356 North Winchester avenue, Chicago; Mrs. H. D. Osgood, 162 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago.

Conductor, JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

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Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company can be obtained for twenty-five dollars, which carries with it the privileges of a building site. Private cottages can be built for from one hundred and fifty dollars upward. The company owns sixty-two acres of ground picturesquely situated on the Wisconsin River, three miles from Spring Green, a station on the Prairie du Chien Division of the C., M. & St. P. R. R., thirty-five miles west of Madison. It is on the list of summer resorts of the above railway and special round trip summer rates are given.

See "Bits of Wayside Gospel," first and second series, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, published by Macmillan, for descriptions of Tower Hill and surroundings.

FOR CAMPERS and those who wish to board themselves. The Company having leased the adjoining Clancey Farm for a term of five years came into possession of a five roomed cottage, suitable for housekeeping and convenient camping grounds for those who would like to bring their own tents and equipments.

For further information, prices, etc., inquire of Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Spring Green, Wisconsin, during the encampment; for the rest of the year, 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago.

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